

Harry Potter and the Magical World

by Kennealogy

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Summary: One decision changes everything. Dumbledore takes an action that changes Hogwarts as we know it. When Sirius is there for Harry's childhood things change there are new friends and new enemies everywhere. Hogwarts is changing and Magical Britain is in for a hell of a ride. Feats. mi-SI. Better Title in prog. Rating may change

1. Prologue

"Talking"

'Thoughts'

_Incantations _

****Please read author notes at the end. Enjoy.****

****_ _ _ _ **HP HP HP HPHPHPHPHPHPHPPHP-**

****20 February 1980 â€" Godric's Hollow****

The couple sat on the couch next to their fire place as the 'muggle-baby tracking device' according to their friends sat on the small coffee table in front of them.

"James, we must tell Dumbledore that we switched secret keepers." The red-haired woman said in a hushed voice to the man standing next to her.

"Lily flower, the point of a secret keeper is that no one is supposed to know of whom it is." Her husband, James Potter, pointed out insisting they keep the switch of secret keepers a secret.

"Jamison Charles Potter, I very well know that a secret keeper must remain a secret. It is not like it is in the name." His wife, Lillian Anne Potter neÃ© Evans, said her piercing green eyes glaring at her

husband. She watched him flinch under his her gaze and inwardly smirked, satisfied that he got her point.

"Now, now dear, there's no need to use my full name." He said shivering slightly under her watchful eye. "When Harry grows up and hears you call him Harrison, it is definitely going to give him nightmares." His voice picking up an amused tone as he looked over at his beautiful wife.

"Yes, when." Her voice, barely above a whisper now, emphasizing the latter. Since the word, if, could replace it very easily.

It has only been three months since the Potter family had to leave their large manor to their much smaller home in Godric's Hollow. And although Lily adjusted quite easily as the house was similar to that of which she lived in before and during her Hogwarts years she knew James missed his own land.

"I know you don't want a lot of people to know James, but letting Albus and Minnie know is not the end of the world. You know as much as I do what will happen to Sirius, ifâ€¦" she trailed off not wanting to finish her thought. But she didn't have to because her husband seemed to pick it up from there.

"The Blacks are known followers of Voldemort, if we were to die, the blame would be on him since everyone believes he is our secret keeper." His brows furrowed as his gaze moved from her to the fire before him. "And if that happens, Harry willâ€¦" He frowned. "Be left alone." He finished. It wasn't entirely false and they both knew that. After Sirius, Harry would go to the Longbottoms were in the same boat as they were. Whomever Voldemort went to they promised to be there for the others child just in case.

"In the worst case scenario, Harry would go to Petunia."

"And there is know when in the bloodiest of hells that is going to happen."

"I'm only letting that go because I agree." His wife said with a small smile on her face as she leaned her head on her husband's shoulder.

"So we in agreement; we will let Albus and Minnie know Peter is our secret secret keeper, tomorrow." Lily confirms as she takes her husband's hand intertwining their fingers.

He nodded in response before pressing a soft kiss to the top of her head. "Tomorrow then, when we meet them to be witness to the will signing ceremony."

And then they sat there in a comfortable silence, before a loud wail from the muggle device on the coffee table went off. James looked at his wife in the corner of his eye only to find himself unable to control the smile on his face after seeing that his beloved's eyes were closed; her body limp against the side of his. He gently released her hand and laid her down on the couch before grabbing the 'baby monitor' that Lily got for them and turning down the volume. He walked up the stairs to go comfort his son.

'No matter what says, muggle devices are damn useful.' He thought

grinning to himself before making his way to his son's crib. Once Harry calmed down he made his way back downstairs to pick up his wife before retiring for the night lying in bed thinking of what he needed to put in their will for tomorrow. 'Maybe a marriage contract,' he laughed in his mind before looking over at his muggle-born wife's sleeping form. His fingers stroked some of her loose hairs, pressing his lips softly against it. 'Nah, he is their son after all. With his good looks, her eyes, and that Merlin-damned Potter charm he was a shoe-in the form a harem or find someone as great as his mother.' And with that final thought James closed his own eyes, leaving tomorrow's worries for his tomorrow self.

****21 February 1980 â€" After the Will signing of James and Lily Potter â€" Godric's Hollow****

"And there you have it Albus." James finished after retelling the discussion of secret keeper's that occurred between James, Lily, Sirius and Peter as well as the discussion the two had the night before. "Is there anything you would like to say?" His eyes glanced between his former Headmaster as well as leader of the Order of the Phoenix and his former professor Minerva McGonagall.

The former, stroked his long white beard looking thoughtfully at nothing in particular. "I can see why you two may have found this to be quite the dilemma. However, I am disappointed in knowing why you two would not notify Minerva or myself earlier on." He rested his hand back on the armrest of the chair that Lily conjured for him to sit on. "I believe that we are both adequate enough to fend off those who wish to learn of this information, but I do also understand the precaution that you have taken James." A small smile graced his lips as he turned towards his former student. "Making Mister Pettigrew your secret keeper in proxy of Sirius is quite ingenious if I might add. It explains why you used written instructions."

"Is that all you needed to tell me?" Dumbledore asked. And the two elder Potters nodded in response.

"Yes, for now that is all. Thank you for using the Hogsmeade weekend to help us with all of this." Lily said standing up to hug the two.

"We are more than happy to help Lily." McGonagall said merrily giving her former student a strong hug.

"It is unlikely that we will see the two of you until young Harry's birthday." The Hogwarts's headmaster said fondly rubbing the baby's head. Standing up straight again the two made their way to the floo network. "Stay safe."

"You two stay safe as well."

****21 February 1980 â€" Hogwarts, Headmaster's office****

"Albus, is there something on your mind?" Minerva asked her old friend fondly.

"I trust James and Lily's judgement in using a different secret keeper other than Sirius, howeverâ€"|" he signed as he grabbed a piece of parchment and enchanted quill looking down at the blank sheet of paper before him. "Minerva, what are your thoughts on Hogwarts

developing an program that extends outside of Britain?"

"That's unheard of Albus, Durmstrang is the only school in Magical Europe that accepts exchange students, but even that is limited to Magical Europe. How far are you trying to reach out Albus?"

His eyes narrowed, "If anything were to happen to James and Lily, I am afraid Harry is going to need as much help as possible." He explained as his quill began scribbling away on the piece of parchment.

"There is no way to say for sure if the ministry is going to accept this Albus. It's preposterous to think so. The magical world is not as united as the muggles."

"Do not worry about the ministry Minerva. I will handle that. You however have not answered my question."

She stood in deep thought for a while as she watched her the quill move fluidly over the paper. "You are correct that if anything were to happen to the Potters magical Britain as we know it will come to an end. He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named has more power than I would like to admit, and to think that the prophecy lies with a child that is not even a year into his life yet is going to be our savior is ridiculous. However, who is to promise that accepting foreign students will help? There is no way to guarantee that anyone will take advantage of a program like this; you know as well as I do that wizards and witches tend to stay loyal to their own governments. And if this program does deem to be unsuccessful the ministry will be furious."

"Everything you say is true, but is that not a risk you are willing to take?" The old headmaster asked smiling his eyes sparkling as he looked at the former Gryffindor.

"Very well, the decision is yours in the end after all. I just wanted to say my thoughts." She nodded with a low hmph escaping her throat as her Gryffindor pride was struck by his words. "Now will you be joining the other professors and I in charming the castle? It looks like we will need a much larger classrooms and dormitories."

"And here I thought you would never ask Minnie." He said fondly as the quill signed the parchment and it was immediately placed into an envelope. Dumbledore flicked his wand quickly a several more copies of the letter were created. He handed the bundle to Fawkes, the phoenix and the magical bird flashed away taking the letters with it.

"Things are changing Minerva, and hopefully it is for the better."

"I hope so too, Albus."

****31 October 1981 â€" Godric's Hollow, minutes after the attack****

"James, Lily?" Sirius Black screamed as he was the first to arrive after the ward alarms tripped. He was greeted by the body of his best mate lying on the floor his body cold and his eyes lifeless. He wept. A popping noise was heard behind him and he quickly turned his wand

at the end ready to blast the life out of the people who just apparated in.

"Dumbledore, Pettigrew betrayed them!" He yelled angrily as he saw his former headmaster along with his old transfiguration professor and the large Keeper of Keys, Hagrid, lagging behind the two as he landed his enchanted motorcycle. "Stay here and take care of their bodies, I'll go after that rat." He glowered angrily as attempted to apparate away. A beam of red shot towards him hitting him square in the chest. A gasp escaped the lips of his former professor.

"Albus!" she yelled in shock as the headmaster silently casted a stupefy spell at the heir to the house of Black. Dumbledore shot her a look at asked her to be quiet, before walking up to the stunned man.

"Now Sirius, I understand your desire to charge ahead and if you were still a student at Hogwarts I would grant you five points for acting like a true Gryffindor." He started, a silent Rennervate was casted as Sirius felt his limbs finally come out of a stasis as he listened to the older man. A cry was heard and everyone turned their heads at the device that lied on the floor next to the broken furniture. "But there are more important matters at hand, like getting your godson to safety."

The Heir to the Black family clenched his fist and gritted his teeth trying to blink away the tears in his eyes. He was right, there's no way Prongs and Lily would forgive him if he ran away for revenge instead of taking care of his godson first. "Thank you, Dumbledore for stopping me." He managed to say through his tears as the group trotted up the stairs into the room of the crying child. Their hearts panged as they came upon the body of the red-headed woman's body lying on the floor before the crib. Sirius stepped over it, to pick up the young child calming the boy down. Conjuring a cloth he wiped away the blood that covered his forehead revealing a lightning bolt shaped scar. He turned away to find McGonagall levitating the two bodies before placing them in a corner and placing a white sheet over them. There was time to mourn later, right now he had a job. He more to find Dumbledore inspecting a black robe lying on the ground covered in ash.

"Dumbledore is that?"

He simply nodded not needing him to finish his sentence. His brows furrowed, "it seems that that child is now the savior of magical Britain." He pulled out his wand and whispered a quiet "Expecto Patronum," releasing the corporeal phoenix patronus from his wand alerting it to bring the aurors right away.

"I am afraid, that this however, may not be the end of that young child's destiny." He said as the white ghost-like phoenix flew away. "He is destined for great things, but the path may be hard for him to find. Raise him well, Sirius."

Sirius nodded as he looked at the covered bodies of two of his best friends. "Of course."

With a swish and a flick, the bodies and the white cover upon them lifted up and were slowly carried to outside the wards.

- - HP HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPH-

****Please Review/Fave and moreeee yeee****

****For those under a rock, in Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find them, it is stated the muggles are referred to as non-maj in the US. So anymaj is a play on that for anyone but specifically for magicals only. ****

****Well thanks for reading this prologue, if there is good interest in it I will write more, but if there isn't a lot of positive reviews then I'll end up dropping it probably. The idea of this story is Sirius will mentor Harry as his surrogate father. This idea obviously isn't new and the reason for this prologue is that if I remember correctly there is no evidence that Dumbledore/McGonagall knew that Sirius was not the Secret Keeper that is why Hagrid brought Harry to them in the first book. I could be wrong it has been awhile since I've last read it, but who cares it's a fanfic so it works out anyway. I know I've been putting locations with the dates, but that will not always be true. In this world there will be a stronger Harry, but as well as a stronger Voldemort. ****

****If this story does well, I would like to find a beta-reader to help me edit/stay on track with story progression. There will be romance in this, but I'm trying to keep the pairings a secret. I will accept OC's PM me details on your character, house affiliation and description. Keep in mind that they may or may not grow into important roles and simply play cameos or filler characters that the main characters interact with. Anyway thanks for reading! ****

2. Changes

****Some replies to my reviews because I appreciate that you take the time to review my fanfiction. I know I'm not the best writer or even a decent writer, but I'm glad you take the time to read and review 3.****

**** John (Guest) I do agree that I should add more to the prologue, but honestly I kind of wanted to get this idea out in the open first by just shooting a prologue and getting some reviews on it. Maybe eventually I will go back to finish writing/ editing to add some of the ideas you said. ****

**** acmcnabb Thank you for thinking so, I don't think I written quite enough for it to be good, but hopefully you enjoy this chapter. I spent a lot of time explaining several changes to the wizarding world do to the prologue, but it might feel like a lot so let me know what you think. ****

**** Shini Kurogane: You didn't leave a review, but you did send me a PM with your own OC character. I really appreciate you taking the time to read, as well as leaving an OC character for me to add. I did put him in here a bit for you, with minor explanations. I'll see if I can give him more roles, but at least he has a cameo for now. Hope you enjoy this chapter!****

Chapter 1: Changes

****30 July, 1991 â€" Potter Manor, England****

Harrison James Potter, better known as Harry or famously as the-boy-who-lived to the public eye was sitting in his room in the large Potter manor that he inherited from his parents. A book sat on his lap desk, Leukemia and other Blood Diseases, was the extremely large text that looked even larger next to the small ten-year old child.

Too absorbed in his reading a knock on his door was left unheard. Click. "Harry?" A voiced called out from behind the creaking door revealing the young handsome face of his surrogate father, Sirius Black. Sirius, noticing that Harry was still busy reading he went ahead and entered the room creeping up behind him. "Do you even understand any of this pup?"

A loud shriek and the loud thud of a body hitting the hardwood floor later Harry was finally able to get a word out after catching his breath again. "Are you serious? Couldn't you have knocked first?"

"I am Siri-"

"Stop right there." Harry said glaring slightly at the too often said joke that was too often said.

He laughed in reply. "All right all right, settle down. And I did knock, by the way." He pulled out a small box wrapped in bright red wrapping paper and tied with a gold-colored ribbon and placed it on the desk in front of the young boy. "Happy early birthday." He said with an encouraging smile.

Harry beamed at him. Gently, he tugged the ribbon undone and began picking at the tape. "To answer your question from before, a lot of it goes over the top of my head, but I do pick up on things every now and then." He neatly folded the wrapping paper placing it into a desk drawer that contained several other pieces of paper and threw the ribbon in a basket that contained the same. "So, why they early birthday present Sirius couldn't wait one more day to see my delighted expression?" He teased as he lifted the lid off the revealing a small 'hairpin?' He looked at his godfather quizzically picking it up out of the box. "Are you trying to say that my hair is getting too long?" He asked looking up and brushing his bangs that covered his scar.

His godfather laughed taking the supposed hairpin from his godson and placed it on the floor. "Let's take a closer look at it shall we?" He grinned and pulled out his wand pointing it at spot where he put the hairpin down. "_Finite_" he casts and the hairpin wriggled a bit before expanding out into a large broom.

"A Nimbus 2000," Harry exclaimed merrily giving his godfather a quick hug and picking up his new broom hopping in place. "Can I go out try this out now?" He asked unable to contain his excitement.

"Now you see why I gave it to you early, don't you? And with the present from Dumbledore we both know you're going to get at the Longbottom's tomorrow a long with Neville you'd probably wear yourself out before you even had a chance even ride that." He grinned obviously enjoying his godson's reaction.

He nodded, before pointing to the window revealing the Quidditch

pitch in the Potter manor's backyard. The Potter's being the only descendants of Peverell line made them a renowned Ancient and Noble family, as well as, making them extremely rich. The manor was only one of the few lands owned by the Peverell-now-Potters. "You can go, Harry, I'll be out in a minute to supervise, so don't go too wild quite yet."

The young boy nodded vigorously as he made his way out the window and hopping on the broom, not even bothering to use any door.

A smile graced the man's lip. Leaning against the window that his godson flew out of he thought back to the last ten years and how much has changed since then. He watched the young child fly vigorously through the sky, a natural, much like his James. The child was a carbon copy of his father in some ways, the loyalty he showed to the ones he cared about, his amazing flying skills, and most of all his appearance, well except his eyes. He had his mother's eyes, the vibrant lively green that Lily had. He may not look much like his mother other than that, but he most likely got her personality.

"If only you two could be here for all of this." He said his smile slightly faltering as he look at the arrangement of books in the ten-year old's room. A History of Medicine, Where are the Werewolves, Wolfsbane and the Works, were a few of the many books that child has been reading. "Definitely Ravenclaw," he mumbled to no one as he turned and he knew the boy believed so too. Unlike most wizards growing up he didn't want to master dueling or be a professional Quidditch player or even a professor at any of the magical schools. He had a plan and he was determined to stick to it. Sirius's glanced over at the book that still lie open on the desk. Blood diseases, Harry was smart, extremely smart and came up with a theory that Lycanthropy was a blood diseases and could be cured with a combination of modern medicine that was far more advanced in their healthcare for illnesses like this and magic that was far more advanced in having cures for most things and being able to create a mixture of cure from potions. All of this simply because of his best mate Remus Lupin and how Sirius would disappear on the night of a full moon as Padfoot to make sure that Remus was not too out of control with his furry problem. Harry hated that he had to stay over at the Longbottom's or the Weasley's for the night and what he hated more was the few times Sirius returned injured or the many times he has seen his uncle Remus look sad or guilty because of it

Harry couldn't become an animagus, or at least his magic ability has not yet revealed that he could, so he couldn't take the spot of Prongs on the nightly journeys not that the two would ever let him, but this was one of the ways he could try and help and he was adamant about it even after Remus told him that he didn't need to.

**Flashback â€" 1989**

"Wait, there's no cure for lycantropy?" Harry asks skeptically. "But what about Wolfsbane potion?"

Remus sighed, and looked at Sirius; the two of them just told the young child his biggest secret about being a werewolf.

"Wolfsbane potion is extremely hard to make, Harry. Do you know what Aconite is?" Remus asked and the boy shook his head in response.

"Aconite is a magical plant that belongs to the Aconitum family, and it is extremely poisonous. In the medieval ages, it was used as poison for animal traps and to create poison-tipped arrows that were used to kill animals like wolves. This was aconite was also created to be named wolfsbane. That being said, I'm sure you can guess what would happen if someone were to make a mistake during the process of creating the potion right?" The child nodded in response. "It also does not help that a failed potion and a successful potion do not look different at all."

There was a long silence. Remus had his eyes closed. Sirius sat there looking between the two. Harry looked thoughtfully at nothing before standing up out of his chair.

"If there is no cure, I will help find one!" He proclaimed suddenly startling the two older men.

"Harry, there's no need for that. I'm fine just the way I am." Remus replied with a fake smile written on his face.

"That's a lie and you know it." The young boy barely the age of 9 said almost as if he was scolding him. The two older men shivered as it reminded them scarily of Lily during their Hogwarts days.

"Not that I'm not happy with you saying that Harry, what makes you think you can do it when no one else in the Wizarding world has?"

"Exactly for that reason." The two men looked at the young boy, confused. "You said in the wizarding world, but modern muggle science and health care has advanced much more than the wizarding world. Yes, the wizarding world has many things that the muggle world lacks, but that's where the system itself is faulty. We don't understand why things work. We don't question why Skele-Gro works perfectly despite different body structures, but the muggles would and that's exactly what I intend to do. I've read that parts of Magical Asia have been doing research like this, but not for lycanthropy specifically. I know it's not much for me saying this now, but I promise I will do what I can." The two men looked at him, shocked. Most likely they were wondering if he was really nine years old with the amount of knowledge he knew, but Harry was never an ordinary child since they day he was born.

"How do you know all of this Harry?" The boy's godfather asked obviously curious at the young child's knowledge.

The two looked at the child's face and a tinge of red spotted his cheeks, "I- I read a lot in my spare time. I don't understand everything, but I memorize things really easily even if I don't know what they mean."

Remus sat there without saying a word as he looked at the young child, not knowing what to say. He stared at the determined green eyes that reminded him of his parents; in them it was almost as if he could see James's unwavering loyalty to him, the same that caused him and Sirius to become animagi to watch over him during the full moon nights and he also saw Lily, not just in the vivid green, but her determination in befriending him too not only because of James, but because she herself wanted too despite knowing he was a werewolf and the fact that she couldn't do anything like James and Sirius. Knowing

nothing he'd say would change the way the child felt now, he could only hope that Harry would soon give up when he found the task impossible, he smiled and nodded giving the child his so-called blessing.

The two older men sat there, as Harry went to grab a piece of parchment to write down names of papers and books he wanted to read. The werewolf still sat there with a smile on his face, but his best mate noticed something more, something that he was sure his friend didn't even realize was there; it was a glimmer of hope.

**Flashback ends**

"Lily would be proud, pup." He said with a smile.

"Sirius," Harry yelled as he flew closer to the window. "Ready to get outbroomed by a pre-teen?" His green eyes gleaming mischievously.

"Please, you're not a pre-teen until you're at least 11." He said in response knowing tomorrow was indeed his birthday. "_Accio Sirius's Nimbus_", he yelled taking a running leap out the large window as his trusty broom shot through the open door behind him and out the window catching him during his fall.

"Now I'll show you some real flying!" He yelled zooming past his godson.

31 July, 1991 â€" Longbottom Manor

The three twisted in the air, and Harry suddenly landed on the ground with a grunt face first. Sirius and Remus floated downwards after the birthday boy his godfather laughing at his expense. "I hate portkeys." Harry groans.

"It'll get easier once you get your wand and can actually catch yourself." Sirius responded pulling the child up from the ground.

"Why can't you catch me?" He replied shooting the older man with a look of betrayal as the three made their way to the front door.

"Because eventually you'll find a witch to do it." The older man said wiggling his eyebrows nudging him with his elbow.

Harry scoffed, "like you're any example of that." He whispered just loud enough for the two adults to hear, leaving one astonished and the other grinning as he knocked loudly on the large manor doors.

The massive doors slowly opened revealing a small house elf. "Hello Master Harry, Master Sirius, and Master Remus" a soft high-pitched voice emanated from the small house elf as she bowed to the three of them.

"Hello there, Boots," Harry said crouching down to meet the female house elf at eye level causing her to beam brightly.

"Master Harry, I hope your travels were well?" She replied brightly.

"Well enough," he replied not meeting her large curious eyes. "Now would you mind leading us to the rest?" She replied by opening the door larger, allowing the three to enter the house.

"Masters Longbottom are in the sitting room sirs."

"Thank you Boots, I look forward to the meal later." The three made their way to the sitting room to greet the hosts and any other guests that arrived.

In the sitting room Harry was immediately greeted by his two friends, Ronald Weasley and Neville Longbottom. The three immediately went outside to the patio that connected to the large backyard that held a Quidditch pitch much like Harry's.

"Happy birthday Neville," Harry said beaming at one of his best friends.

"Happy birthday Harry," the two replied one right after another.

"So who else is coming?" Harry asked curiously as the three sat down at one of the tables on the patio.

"Mum and dad invited Madame Bones and Susan, as well as the Abbotts." The other birthday boy replied. "That's all I know for sure, they could have invited more, but those are the only ones I know about."

"Ahh, that's nice it'd be nice to see Susan and Hannah again." Ron replied joining in the conversation.

Harry nodded in agreement examining his two best friends. Neville grew up well. He wasn't too large or too skinny he was rather average in size. His front teeth were larger than average giving him a rather beaver-like look. Ron, however was more on the skinny side, but he was lean and not simply skinny due to undereating. Everymaj knew that the Weasley's were only rich in family, but not in money. His mother Molly and his father Arthur were more than reluctant to receive money from the Potter and Longbottom vault. It took a long of convincing from Frank, Alice and Sirius to have to take the money offered. They didn't, however, take it for free they added in some babysitting days, especially during their early years since Neville's parents were aurors and Sirius knew little to nothing about raising a child.

"Oh right, and Headmaster Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall are supposed to be here to celebrate too! They're also bringing our letters and our list for our first year." Neville added.

"So have you received anything for your birthday yet Harry?" Ron asked tilting his head to the side curiously.

Harry grinned in return. "Yes, but Sirius said I can't show you until after we eat."

"Must be special if he asked you to wait for it."

"It is, I think Ron will enjoy it a lot."

"So what extra-curricular are you guys going to join once we're at Hogwarts? Knowing Ron he'll be joining Quidditch, but how about you Neville?"

"Hey! I resent that!" Ron said with a small scowl. "Even if it's true." He muttered quietly making the other two boys laugh. "But I'm planning on joining the house team, not the club and if I don't make it this year then hopefully next year."

Right, due to the large number of new students that joined Hogwarts from international magical places the club system and none more than Quidditch. There were four different teams for Quidditch, there were two club teams one consisting of mostly recreational players, that planned their own games when the Pitch was free of games and practices meaning mostly during holidays or Hogsmeades weekends, and the other club team consisted of reserve players for the house teams. The third team is the same as the old Quidditch system, where houses were pitted against one another in sanctioned house versus house games each house team played the other house twice per season totaling six games all together for Fall, Winter and Spring games since most students went back to their homes for the Summer. These were open to all students with special seats reserved for Hogwarts students only and tickets were also sold at places in Diagon Alley as well as the gates of Hogwarts right outside the wards. The last team is the Hogwarts team, a better way to describe this would be the All-Star team. This team was special in the way that they were able to play against other magical schools, like Beauxbaton or Durmstrang to represent Hogwarts at an end of the year tournament. There are several reasons for this, one was to break down the old walls between the houses like the stupid rivalry that used to exist between the Gryffindors and Slytherins because no houses mattered at the time, since everyone on the team represented Hogwarts with pride. Another reason was so that students that dreamed of playing pro-Quidditch could be scouted since the stadium the tournament was held in was not a school pitch, but a neutral one like ones used in professional Quidditch tournaments. It is kind of surprising that they spent this much money on lower-level Quidditch, but magical beings did often take their Quidditch seriously.

"I plan on trying out as well, but I won't be too hurt being put in the reserves or just the rec team. We are only first years after all." Harry replied eyeing Ron, emphasizing that they were still young. He knew Ron, and knew he would be hurt if he wasn't put on the team right away, Ron, being the youngest male in his family was a very hard worker, he knew he wasn't as smart as his older brothers Percy, Bill or Charlie and he didn't have a so-called talent like Fred and George so he worked hard for his own achievements and he wanted to be with the twins on the Gryffindor house team probably using the whole summer to practice.

"I actually don't know what club to join Harry. I was hoping you two could maybe help me out." Neville said bringing the twos' attention back to him. "I know I want to join the dueling club. I heard they sometimes teach you spells you use for the practicums over the years for defense against the dark arts and dark arts. But I am stuck between botany and herbology."

Harry pondered for a moment. He knew Neville had always been into the

study of plants, but the study of muggle plants and the study of magical plants were very different. He glanced over at Ron who had a confused look on his face. "Botany is the study of muggle plants, Ron." He said chuckling knowing that was the question that was on the red-head's mind. His friend's face turned the same color as his hair as he heard him mutter a small thanks in response.

"In my opinion you could always take both, but switch them around each week. It isn't like they require you to come to the meetings. Most clubs are for fun and for people to share information, but if I had to choose I would choose Herbology." Harry said looking at Neville. "I think Herbology is the better choice simply because Botany is a muggle study. You need to remember that although there are a lot of muggle studies that are accepted in the magical world now, it is still called a muggle study, everyone in that club would have probably learned from books or from other sources that may not be accurate. Herbology on the other hand is something practiced in class at Hogwarts and a study that has been done in the magical world for years, you're like to learn much more in Herbology club than Botany club because of this. I'm also sure that many club members are part of both."

Neville nodded in confirmation sending a smile at his friend for his words. "Thanks Harry, it's always nice knowing you're smart, always the right person to ask." He laughed. "Hope you can help on the homework once we're there."

"Only if you actually try the homework," he said squinting slightly over at their red-headed friend.

"You two are being rather rude to me today," the red-head said grunting slightly crossing his arms not denying the implied claim.

"I don't plan on joining the dueling club, but I might the healers-to-be club, I would join both, but their meetings are at the same time." Harry said. "Professor Snape told me I might be interested in it. They're a rather new club, but they're like the dueling club except healing spells instead and some potions too."

"I heard about their chess club. They play both Wizard's and Muggle's chess. I think you'd like it Ron." Neville said.

"I'll look into it, thanks Neville."

The three turned as the door to the patio slid open revealing Franklin Longbottom, Neville's father. "Boys, Susan and Hannah are here, is it okay if I send them out?" The three nodded in confirmation and Neville's father opened the door wider letting the two girls slide past him and out to the patio.

"Thanks dad, we'll be in to greet everyone properly once Headmaster Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall arrive, is that all right?" Neville asked as the three waved at the newcomers on the other side of the glass door.

"Yes, that is quite all right Neville. I believe Severus might be coming as well, but I'm not completely sure about that."

At first, the relationship with Severus Snape was not good. But a

mutual trust was developed between Snape and Sirius after a 24 hour long wizard's duel between the two. A year or so after his parent's death Sirius blamed Snape for being a death eater and could not understand why in Merlin's name Dumbledore trusted him. Sirius did several terrible things that he was not proud of to Snape in their later years at Hogwarts, but that didn't mean anything to him since Snape was a death eater. Dumbledore suggested they duel, because something about how fighting and crossing spells are the only ways to discover people's underlying feelings and thoughts. Harry didn't completely understand what was happening, but soon after Sirius was able to call Snape his friend and that was perfectly fine with him since, for some reason, everyone says Snape suddenly became nice although he didn't know a 'mean' Snape.

"All right, thanks dad." And the older man closed the door leaving the five incoming first years to themselves.

The two girls gave the others all hugs and they returned it.

"It's been awhile hasn't it?" Harry asked causing the two to nod. The two girls were the older of out of the five. Susan, born in February and Hannah born in January. "Ron's birthday was the last time we five we last together right?" Everyone nodded in response.

"Well we were just discussing what clubs we would be joining at Hogwarts." Neville said catching the two up. "I plan on joining Herbology and Dueling club, Harry plans on joining Healers-to-be and trying out for Quidditch and Ron plans on trying out for Quidditch and I was just telling him about chess club."

"I actually don't know what I want to join, I think I might wait on joining one right away and give it some time and try a little of everything." Susan said as she took a seat next to Ron, their red hair making the two almost look like brother-sister.

"I may do the same, there aren't any I'm extremely interested in, but Susan's aunt did recommend that I join the Department of Learning Magical Law Enforcement." Hannah added.

"That sounds interesting, it doesn't hurt to try it right?" Harry replied causing the dirty-blond girl to shrug.

The door slid open again, this time revealing Alice Longbottom, Neville's mother. "Dumbledore and the professors have arrived, so come in and greet everyone. We'll be eating soon."

"Thank you Lady Longbottom." Harry replied as the five got up from their chairs and entered the house.

The large sitting room was filled with decorations and people streamers and balloons of red, gold and silver and blue filled the room. The Weasleys were all gathered minus Bill and Charlie; Harry gave Ginny, Ron's little sister, a small wave and made his way to greet Ron's parents bowing respectfully, first. "Good afternoon, Lady and Lord Weasley." He said informally formal. The two smiled knowing this was simply a show for Neville's grandmother, Augusta Longbottom who was the only one in the room who honestly cared about formalities.

"Good afternoon Heir Potter, and Happy birthday." Ron's mother said

giving him a hug.

"Happy birthday, Heir Potter." Ron's father said giving him a hug as well.

"Thank you very much, now if you will excuse me I will go greet the other." He said with a curt nod as he made his way over to the Longbottoms.

"Madame Longbottom, it is a pleasure to see you again." Harry said as he bowed respectfully to Neville's grandmother.

"Heir Potter, a pleasure." She replied. "And a Happy birthday," the old woman said with a smile as he bowed again making his leave.

"Lord Longbottom, Lady Longbottom, thank you for holding the festivities on your premise and allowing me to celebrate here as well." Harry said bowing to both of Neville's parents.

"Oh please, Harry, you know you don't have to do that. Mother isn't even paying attention to you right now." Neville's mother said with a laugh. "Happy birthday child," she said happily stroking his head. "If only your mother were here." She said softly under her breath obviously so that he wouldn't hear her, but he did. He knew that they were best friends back at Hogwarts. Harry gave her a smile.

"But still thanks for having us here, I really appreciate it. It means I don't have to clean because we all know Sirius wouldn't do it." He grinned poking him at his Godfather causing the two adults to laugh.

"Very true, but go on, you have greeted Dumbledore and the others yet."

Harry nodded in response and made his way over to the Abbott's greeting them quickly, since they were busy taking care of their new one-year old child.

Susan's guardian, Amelia Bones was busy chatting up his Godfather, so he gave her a quick wave and she waved back before he made his way to Dumbledore and the two professors that came along with him meeting the others there as well.

"Good afternoon Headmaster, Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape." Harry greeted as he stood next to the other four eleven year olds.

"Good afternoon, Harry." Dumbledore replied using his first name since everyone here was friends and or family. McGonagall and Snape simply nodding in acknowledgement.

"The others were just telling me about the club activities they planned on trying out once they arrive at Hogwarts. Speaking of which," He started as he reached into his robe sleeve magically pulling out two old pieces of parchment and handing one to both him and Neville. "Happy birthday."

The two recipients looked at each other, their eyes glistening in excitement even though everymaj knew what the contents of the letter

were.

"Thank you professor," Harry replied as the two opened their letters their eyes scanning the contents of the letter even though they knew every detail of the letter already. Harry finished reading his letter sighing in content and put the letter away, folded and into his pants pocket.

"So Harry, what clubs are do you plan to join?" Dumbledore asks his wise twinkling in curiosity.

Harry scratched the back of his head shyly, "well I wanted to try out for the Quidditch house team, and maybe join the Healers-to-Be club. I'm not much that interested in dueling." He admitted.

"If that's the case, you should talk to Professor Snape about that, after all he is the professor in charge of advising and supervising that club." Professor McGonagall said with a sly smirk on her face putting everyone's attention on the Slytherin head of house.

"I have already informed Mister Potter of the club, if he wishes to join he will learn more on the first meeting." He said with a scowl his ears turning a bright red.

"Professor, no offense, but why is the potion's teacher teaching a healing class?" Susan asked curious.

"Miss Bones, the class is not simply just healing spells, but contains a mixture of learning minor healer spells as well as the use of potions for healing. Keep in mind, however, just because you learn these things in a club does not mean you should skip classes. These are simply for more information, for example which certain scenarios and certain draughts work in. You are not learning from scratch how to make the draught that is what you will learn in class." Professor McGonagall explained emphasizing how club is not a class.

"So in other words, professor McGonagall is trying to tell us that, if you have extra questions go to a certain club if you cannot find the professor." Harry explained with in a more simple way as he saw the confused looks on Ron and Susan's face.

"Thank you, Mister Potter." Professor McGonagall said happy that one of them understood her rather confusing explanation.

"As much as I love talking about your schooling, I believe now is not the time to talk about such things." Old man Dumbledore said as he stroked his long white beard. "Today, after all, is not only one, but two birthdays!" He said trying to be enthusiastic raising his arms and everything. Everyone in the room chuckled at the older man's antics and soon they all gathered around a long table that was conjured out of nowhere by everyone at the table with a seat for everyone and a smaller table on the side for the house elves specifically.

Harry and Neville both said next to one another at the head of one side of the table as the food was floated followed by the house elves that levitated them.

Gift-giving and opening came in between breaks of eating and rubbing a full belly. Neville received a Remembrall from his grandmother that

instantly turned red once it touched his palm and laughter followed once he claimed he couldn't remember what he had forgotten. The rest of the gifts were rather simple, books he needed for his first year of school and a toad name Trevor from his parents.

Harry received similar gifts, but nothing like a remembrall. His favorite present, however, was from Snape much to his surprise. He received a copy of Snape's handwritten notes on his own study of Wolfsbane potion.

The rest of the day was rather uneventful, the professors left soon after the food was served and went back to Hogwarts while all the children went outside playing a small pick-me up game of Quidditch with only quaffle points.

That night, after they got back to Potter manor, Harry went to bed with dreams of the upcoming school year. It was going to be exciting.

****10 August, 1991 " Diagon Alley****

Harry, Sirius and Remus entered Gringott's through the connected floo network and made their way out of the large Goblin bank to the streets of Diagon Alley. Diagon Alley was much larger than the name implied, since with magic the alleyway simply contained a long straight alleyway that seemed almost endless. Above the alleyway was a lift that carried people down the long alleyway since the alleyway as a whole was several miles long. There were also floo networks connected to shops and restaurants further down the alley, but using the floo had a small fee compared to the free lifts, the lifts simply took more time. There were several large maps all throughout the alleyway that showed where that current map was and the location of every shop as well as their closing and opening times along with how long it would take to get there through different means of travel.

The alleyway was rather busy today, with several different wizarding families shopping for the upcoming school year, Harry already had an owl; one he received from Remus a day after his birthday. A beautiful white snow owl. Today he was getting his wand and robes he needed for school, since robes were only required for classes, but he could where anything he wanted for recreational times. The two Marauders and the junior Marauder made their way to Ollivander's Wand Shop.

The place look old and had a rather creepy vibe despite lighting that was obviously new since it seemed to glow fluorescently much like one that would be found at a modern muggle convenience store. An old man appeared from behind a long dusty desk. "Ah, Mister Potter, I was wondering when I would find you entering my shop."

Harry stopped in shocked his mouth wide open, how did he see through the glamour that Remus placed on him.

"Oh, please my boy, I've been in this business far too long for a simple glamour to hide the presence of a powerful wizard." The old man said his back turned to the three sorting through different sets of boxes and shaking his head at each one.

"So Lord Black, 12 inches, dragon's heartstring and maple

correct?"

Sirius chuckled in response. "You never cease to amaze me." He responded not surprised that the old wand seller saw through his glamour and remembered the make of his wand from several years ago.

"Remus Lupin, 10 inches, unicorn hair, cypress." Ollivander stated again not needing Remus to even confirm that he was correct.

"And Mister Harry Potter," He hummed thoughtfully for a minute, "I wonderâ€¦" He went further into the back and grabbed a single wand box. It looked dustier than the rest. He took the wand out and gently wiped it down with a small cloth. "Try this." He said handing the wand him.

The moment his skin came in contact with the wand he shivered. He felt a warmth travel from the wand through him and felt it traveling back much like his first experience with accidental magic.

"Curious, very curious," Ollivander stand rubbing his chin. Harry eyed him questioningly as he gripped the wand more tightly not wanting to lose the feeling for his magic coursing through him. "I remember single wand I sold, your wand, eleven inches, holly and phoenix feather has only one brother." He said. "One brother that shares a feather from the very same phoenix that yours is made from, the one that holds this wand is the very same man that gave you that scar." He finished pointing at the lightning bolt mark on his skull.

"Will this wandâ€¦" Harry said quietly, "make me become like him?" He asked nervously.

Ollivander shook his head. "Not necessarily, although he did terrible things, he did great things as well, all I can say, young Harry Potter, is that you, are destined for great things."

Harry nodded, not knowing what to say. The two older men paid for the wand using their wizard's card that worked very much like a muggle's debit card but was able to translate magical currency into muggle currency anywhere.

The two seemingly dragged him to Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions where he stood getting fitted for his robes for school. It wasn't until another boy, his age it looked like, walked in to the stand next to him to be fitted. He overheard several of the voices from beyond the curtain that said he was rather handsome, and although Harry knew he was much more into the fairer sex he had to agree that the boy next to him was quite good-looking.

The boy next to him had rather long jet-black hair that covered, his bangs reached right above his eyes. He had rather large eyes with bright violet colored iris. His facial features seemed to hold a rather regal look, almost like he was royalty with flawless white skin and a sharp chin and high cheekbones. His body was rather slim as he was already dressed in clothes that seemed to already be altered for his person, but the most noticeable thing about him was the eyepatch he wore that covered his left eye.

The boy, noticing his staring, cleared his throat awkwardly. "It is a

pleasure to make your acquaintance, sir" he started not knowing his origins because of the glamour that was on Harry's person.

"White, Harrison White," Harry replied holding his hand out for the boy to shake. "But you can call me Harry, sir" He said doing the same thing as the other boy.

"Kenneth Argus," He replied with a smile, "But you may call me Kenny." He finished returning the handshake. "Hogwarts?" He asked and I nodded in reply.

As the two ladies worked on pinning our clothes to take our measurements and fit out robes a casual conversation between the two of us started.

"So, White, is that a name that is recognizable in Britain?" He asked curiously.

"No it isn't I am a half-blood, my father was a pure-blood and my mother was a muggle." Harry answered truthfully just omitted some of the information. "I'm assuming from your wording that you aren't from here, if it isn't too much trouble would you mind me asking where you're originally from."

"It is no problem at all, I transferred to Hogwarts through invitation from Magical Korea. My family is originally from Magical Britain, but moved to Magical Korea during the First war, which is why my name is English and of Asian descent." He answered casually.

"Through invitation? Why come to Hogwarts and not stay in Magical Korea, I heard that Seoul Institute for Wizards and Witches is just as famous, if not more famous than Hogwarts." Harry asked curious. "If you don't mind me asking that is." Harry added not wanting to overstep his boundaries.

"Seoul Institute for Wizards and Witches is a very good school, and is just as popular as Hogwarts like you say, but I come to Hogwarts for my own reasons," he says closing his eyes as the two ladies taking their measurements left the room to alter their robes. "Hopefully we will be better friends in the future, and then I will tell you, however I'm sure you'll understand soon enough during the sorting on why I am here, at least partly."

Harry nodded in agreement. "I hope we become friends too, and since it is just between the two of us. I'll start over." He turned towards the other boy and bowed. "I am Heir Harrison James Potter, Heir to the Noble and Ancient House of Potter, it is a pleasure to meet you. I am sorry for lying to you at first, but the attention is something I would rather like to avoid if you understand the history of Magical Britain you will understand why I kept my identity a secret from you."

Kenneth look closed his eyes after shaking off a look of what seemed to be shock before bowing himself. "I am Heir Kenneth Leon Argus Vi Britannia, Heir of the Noble and Ancient House of Britannia, I am also sorry for lying to you myself, but my surname seems to stir problems with Magical Europe." He said with a soft chuckle.

This time Harry was shocked, Britannia was a very old magical family

thought to have died out with Lord Lelouch Vi Britannia, but that wasn't the only thing. The Britannia family line was royalty, so technically the young boy his own age before him was a prince.

Kenneth seemed to notice his own realization. "Please, no formalities I know the look on your face. Thank you for being truthful about your identity, but I would appreciate if you kept mine a secret until the sorting. I do not wish to be bothered for as long as possible."

"And I would appreciate the same treatment." Harry said with a knowing smile. "Thank you for being truthful."

Kenny held out his hand again and offered it to Harry. "I think we'll become great friends, Harry."

"I agree, Kenny." He said shaking the other boy's hand again. And the two continued to make small talk, letting their real identities sit on the side and not getting in the way of their newborn friendship.

The two parted ways, with promises to meet on the Hogwarts express.

****1 September, 1991 â€" Platform ****

"Now remember Harry, the girl's dorms are off limits, unless?" Sirius asked testing him.

"Unless you don't get caught by the wards." Harry said with a sigh. He was only eleven why would he want to get into the girl's dormitory.

"Good boy," Sirius said patting him on the head.

Remus sighed, "don't let him get to you Harry, remember to owl every now and then and don't be afraid to ask the professors for help if you have troubles with classes. Hogwarts is much harder than it used to be, but we still expect you to pass." Sirius gave Remus a look, "okay at least I expect you to pass."

"I will, and of course I'll pass Uncle Moony." Harry said grinning using Remus's nickname. "Don't be too bored without me, and Sirius, don't invite Aunt Amy over too often." Harry said squinting knowingly at his Godfather. "I'm a child, but I'm not stupid." This caused Remus to snicker as his best friend had a shocked look on his face.

"We're just friends I swear!"

"Right." The two replied in unison.

"Well I better look for the others, I have a new friend I need to introduce to the others." Harry grinned looking around for the new friend he met at Malkin's shop. They said they would meet at the front of the train.

"I'll see you when I come back for Christmas." Harry said as he gave the two a hug take his light-weight charmed trunk with him.

Once on the Hogwart's Express he instantly saw his new friend Kenny waiting patiently in the front of the train for him.

"Hey Harry." Kenny said acknowledging him as he grabbed the handle of his trunk. "Do you have a compartment you want to sit in?" He asked.

Harry nodded. "My friends told me they already had a compartment for us, I was going to introduce you to them. Or you can introduce yourself, I don't know what you would like to introduce yourself as." Harry whispered as the two made their way through the crowded hallway.

"Well they'll learn the truth soon enough, and if you trust them, I suppose I can too."

The two stopped at a compartment and knocked on the door. Neville opened the door revealing Ron, Hannah, Susan and a bushy-haired girl he didn't know. Harry entered and Kenny followed. "Who is this you have with you Harry?" Susan asked curiously as she, Hannah and the new girl blushed slightly as they looked at his friend.

The two other boys eyed Harry's new friend and the girls suspiciously. "I'll let him introduce himself, if that's all right with him." Harry said as he picked up his light weight trunk and took a seat with the two other boys.

Kenneth lifted his trunk and placed it in the compartments above before straightening up and clearing his throat. "I am Kenneth Leon Argus Britannia, Heir to the Noble and Ancient House of Britannia, it is a pleasure to meet you all." He said bowing slightly giving the girls a charming smile and the boys a nod.

"Wait Britannia? As in- the old royal family Britannia?" the new bushy haired girl asked. Kenny nodded in response.

"But please, just call me Kenny, I am just like any student at Hogwarts, starting today." He said as he took a seat next to the wide-mouthed Ron.

"Well, now that that's out of the way, this here is Neville Longbottom, heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Longbottom." Harry said pointing out his brown-haired friend. "This idiot here, who can't close his mouth, is Ron Weasley, he's the youngest male. His sister is the youngest by a year." He said pointing to his still astonished red-head friend as he pointed at Kenny. "And that is Susan Bones, her aunt works for the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, and she is heiress to the Noble House of Bones." The red-headed female nodded in acknowledgement a blush still evident on her cheeks her eyes avoiding the supposed prince's. "And that is Hannah Abbott, of the Noble House of Abbott, she has an older brother who recently graduated from Hogwarts." He scratched the back of his head, "And this is- um-|" Harry said not knowing who the new girl was.

"Hermione Jean Granger, my parents are non-magicals, so you probably will not recognize me." The new girl answered for him. "It's a pleasure to meet you Heir Potter and Heir Britannia." She said politely obviously trying to show that she studied Wizard etiquette.

"Please it's just Harry," Harry said in response. "And it is a pleasure to meet you as well Miss Granger."

"And call me Kenny, like I said no need for formalities between friends," Kenny said kindly. "Unless the time calls for it. But it's a pleasure to meet you as well Miss Granger."

"If you both insist I call you by your first names then I also insist you call me Hermione." She answered with a smile and the two boys nodded in response.

The group of friends were talking about muggle card games that Hermione introduced to them when a knock on the door interrupted them.

"Anything from the trolley dears?" The trolley-lady's sweet voice asked as the large trolley full of snacks asked.

Kenny looked curiously at the variety of candy, obviously not used to all the snacks.

"We'll take the lot." Harry answered pulling out his Wizard's card connected to the Potter vault.

Harry waved his wand giving his magical signature as the trolley-lady scanned his card. "Thank you," he said as she waved her wand and all the candy appeared on the small table before them.

Kenny stood in awe, "I've never had any of these before, it's very different than what we find in Magical Asia."

"You should try Bettie Bott's." Ron said with snicker.

"Bettie Bott's every flavored beans?" Hermione asked taking the small box and looking at it curiously. "They can't possibly mean every flavor right?" She asked as she and Kenny both took one bean examining it carefully before both popping it into their mouth. Harry laughed as their faces went from curiosity to one that sat on borderline disgusted.

"Yes they do mean every flavor," Harry answered for me.

"Yes, I can see that." Kenny replied as his sticky skunk spray breath spread throughout the compartment.

"Ron, why would you do this?" Hermione asked irritated, the smell of stinky socks spreading in the compartment. The two smells alone was enough to make everyone gag.

"Okay here take a licorice wand, these are exactly like licorice and it'll make your breath smell better, please for the sake of all of us eat it fast." Harry said handing the two licorice wands.

"That really the only candy you need to watch out for, except chocolate frogs. They're pretty annoying." Ron answered almost feeling bad for tricking the two.

"Close the window will you Neville?" Harry asked as he prepped to open the box of chocolate frogs. The window closed, and the box opened. The chocolate enchanted frog instantly jumped towards the

window. It would have escaped if it was open.

"Give it some time, and it'll eventually stop moving." Harry said. "What most people want from chocolate frogs are the information cards that come with it." He explained. "Nicholas Flamel, creator of the philosopher stone, blah blah blah." Harry said casually reading the card he had in his hand just as an example. The chocolate frog plopped on the table and like Harry said it was no longer moving, now it was just a frog shaped chocolate that the seven split up.

"Did anyone of you read Hogwarts: A History?" Hermione asked randomly as they drew closer and closer to school. Harry nodded, but no one else did.

"I really liked the different ways the different years arrived to Hogwarts." Harry said showing knowledge that he read the book.

Everyone looked at the two curiously. "First years travel by boat across the Black Lake. This is one of the more symbolic ways that that Hogwarts students arrive to school, because a lot of Muggleborns are brought to Hogwarts their first year, so the travel across the water is like traveling to a new world. Much like Christopher Columbus in muggle History. You know, without all the bad stuff that occurred after." Hermione explained.

"That's really neat actually." Ron said. "I didn't actually know that and all my brother's went to or go to Hogwarts."

"By the way, what houses do you all think you'll be sorted into?" Neville asked curiously.

"Honestly, I'm fine with any, but I think I will most likely be Hufflepuff." Hannah answered honestly.

"Same, here." Susan replied.

"Ravenclaw for me." Harry and Hermione answered in unison, causing the latter to blush and look away.

"Gryffindor for me, for sure. All my brothers were in it." Ron said proudly.

"I think I will be in Gryffindor as well." Neville answered.

"Honestly, I think I'll be in Slytherin," Kenny answered eyeing Neville and Ron. "I hope that won't be a problem, I'd like to continue being friends with you all." He said with a distant smile.

Neville shook his head. "That's no problem at all, the house rivalries barely exist anymore, the only problem that occurred back then was that many Slytherins were from Dark families while Gryffindors were mainly Light families, but now that there's a mixture of foreign students at Hogwarts, we can't all assume that Gryffindors are always Light and Slytherin's are always Dark that would be quite ridiculous." Neville said explaining the current house rivalry situation.

Ron nodded in agreement, "As long as you're willing to be friends with us too I'm perfectly fine with it."

Hermione took a look outside and along the Horizon the tops of towers could be seen. They were almost at Hogwarts. "It looks like we're almost there." Harry said. "Let's leave the compartment so the girls can change and we'll switch out afterwards." He said standing up and the other boys followed suit one by one leaving the compartment.

After changing into their robes it was only another 10 minutes before the came to a stop. Their trunks were sucked into the train and some of them looked astonished, except Harry and Hermione. "The train took the luggage and popped it outside the train so we wouldn't have to carry it. And from there the house elves that work at Hogwarts take them to our dormitories once we're sorted. So from here on all you have is your wand and whatever you're carrying on your body." Harry explained as he made his way out of the train the rest of his friends following.

"FIRS' YEARS FIRS' YEARS OVER HERE." A loud and deep voice bellowed across the train station.

The seven of them followed the sound of the voice finding a large bearded man holding a lantern larger than all their heads put together. "Fou' to a boa' come on now." He said to them as they neared him ushering them towards the line of small row boats in along the shore.

"We'll meet you on the other side." Harry said as the four boats loaded into one boat. The three girls loaded into another along with another girl with long platinum blonde hair.

Once the large gamekeeper, Rubeus Hagrid, gathered all the first years, the boats were all loaded and magically departed once Hagrid took his seat in his own boat. Everyone was quiet throughout the whole trip entranced by the beautiful scenery surrounding them. The starry sky seemed to glimmer more brightly than usual, and the lights around the large castle were mesmerizing, entrancing even. Before they knew it the boats all docked on the other side and each first year was organized in alphabetical order by Professor McGonagall for the sorting.

All the first years were lined up in the entryway to the Great Hall. Nervous energy ran through the air.

"So the rumors are true, Harry Potter, isn't a squib." A voice that was recognizable to many magicals their age. Draco Malfoy said with a teasing sneer as he look Harry in the eyes. "I'm surprised, Potter," Draco said mockingly. "Surprised that an oaf like you could make it into Hogwarts nowadays, didn't you hear that it's rather difficult now?" He said teasingly. "Well, actually almost everyone gets into their first year, it's the end of the year practicums where you'll fail isn't it?" He laughed and several others in the crowd laughed as well. Harry's fist clenched, it was true that the number of first years highly exceeded the number of people that continued on. The best example of this was the year after the foreign exchange program was initiated. The first year class started with over 1000 students, and Hogwarts couldn't graduate everyone, so the end of the year tests and practicums were really rough to the point where the graduating

class of that specific group was under 50. "Nothing to say? Must be true then makes sense for a mudblood like you." He said laughing stupidly a long with the same group of people in the crowd of first years. Yes, many things have changed like laws that benefitted witches in Magical Britain as well as laws that benefitted half-bloods and muggleborns, but there were still people like the Malfoys. Harry clenched his fist biting his cheek from holding back on saying anything.

"Hey," a voice rang out from the front of the group. He recognized that voice. "There's a saying, I don't know exactly how it goes, but it somewhere along the line that people who talk more are compensating for their lack in skill." Kenny said from the front of the group loud enough to reach his ears. "Nothing to say?" He said amusedly shooting Draco's joke right back at him. It was quiet for a while, many people were still scared of the Malfoy family, before a loud laugh from behind him occurred, Ron. Then in front of him, Neville, then it eventually turned into snickers from everyone else other than Draco's group of friends.

"When my father hears about thi-"

"I don't even bloody know who you are, you fool." Kenny interrupted causing the first years to erupt in laughter once again.

The doors to the Great Hall slammed open causing everyone to instantly stop making noise and stiffen straight. McGonagall stood at the door ushering in the group of first years into the Great Hall. Harry looked up at the ceiling trying to forget Draco's hurtful words, but reminded himself to thank his friends later.

McGonagall made her way to the front of the Great Hall holding two scrolls of parchment in her hand. Harry looked over to the side, where another group of people in blank black robes stood.

"First, we'll start with transfer students." McGonagall said. "Kulden, Frost" she announced loudly. A boy from the group to the side walked forward, he looked no older than 13, but was able to pass the transfer test which student be any easier than the school practicums. The boy had dark blue hair and matching blue eyes, and he sat on the stool expressionless as Professor McGonagall placed the large sorting hat on his head.

"Slytherin!" It yelled and the accents of green and silver appeared on his robes as his table mates stood and applauded. It wasn't surprising Kulden was a rather well-known name in Magical Europe, since they were one of the few Noble families from Norway, and despite the change in discrimination in the Hogwarts houses Slytherin still contained many pure-blood families. The odd thing was the boy seemed to be resentful as if he already hated his housemates when a small scowl escaped his expressionless mask.

"Abbott, Hannah" McGonagall's voice called out again causing Harry to snap his attention back to the front as his friend's name was called. Guess he missed the rest of the transfer students, oops.

"Hufflepuff!" Harry clapped loudly as accents of yellow and black colored her robe.

McGonagall went on, and Susan soon made her way up to the front. "Hufflepuff!" The sorting hat yelled again, Susan hopping off the stool and running over to Hannah at the Badger's table.

"Bulstrolde, Millicent" a rather large girl that Harry recognized from Draco's 'posse' earlier.

"Slytherin!" Not surprising.

"Britannia, Kenneth" The Great Hall suddenly quieted down the minute Kenny's last name was announced, not surprising.

"Gryffindor!" Kenny's one eye looked like it widened in surprise, his left one still covered by a black eye-patch.

"WE GOT A PRINCE!" Fred and George Weasley said standing up at the table as Kenny whose robe was now showing accents of red and gold made his way to the table as everyone stood up seemingly to greet him.

"Davis, Tracey" Another name he recognized, he couldn't remember where from, but it was most likely one of the few meetings he had with Sirius and other pureblood families. Davis was most likely associated to one, since he knew Davis wasn't a pureblood name.

"Slytherin!" The girl made her way to the Slytherin table and was immediately greeted by her housemates.

"Granger, Hermione" McGonagall called.

The sorting hat sat on her head for a long time, the longest yet, before finally calling out "Ravenclaw!" His new bushy-haired friend made her way to her new table.

"Greengrass, Daphne" a beautiful girl with blonde hair and piercing blue eyes sat on the stool. She was the one that was on the boat with Hermione and the others.

"Slytherin!" Harry pondered, Greengrass, was a familiar name. They were pureblood, but they weren't dark or light, so the best description for them was grey. Harry looked back at the girl and her eyes seemed to analyze all her surroundings, she'sâ€| different. Harry thought.

"Longbottom, Neville" one of his best friends made his way up to the front and sat down shakenly on the stool. Neville always had a sense of stage fright.

"Gryffindor!" The hat called causing Neville to beam as he made his way to sit down next to Kenny whom asked for the person next to him to open a seat for his friend.

"Malfoy, Draco" McGonagall called and Draco made his way up to the seat. The sorting hat barely sat on his head before calling out.

"Slytherin!" Harry rolled his eyes. What a surprise.

"Potter, Harry" he gulped nervously as stepped up to the stool and

turned to face the large student body. He closed his eyes as the hat was placed on his head, and he instantly heard a low voice invading his thoughts.

'Hmmm, very interesting Mister Potter,' the voice said softly. Harry recognized it as the voice of the sorting hat in his head.

'What's so interesting?' he asked curiously.

'Much,' was the vague answer he got. 'There is much ambition here for you to explore, you would do well in Slytherin.' The hat said, Harry instantly thought of Draco and shivered slightly. 'I take that as a no then,' Harry gave an affirmative nod. 'You're very loyal to your friends, as well as hardworking Hufflepuff would do well for you too.' Harry didn't deny it. What was so hard, he thought he was a shoe-in for Ravenclaw. 'Ahh, you wish to be in Ravenclaw I see.' Harry flinched, he didn't mean for that to be heard. 'Ravenclaw, the house characterized by wit, learning and wisdom, now tell me Mister Potter, what makes you believe you fit into this house.' Harry thought about Remus and thought about what he wanted to do for one of his father figures. 'Ah, but learning is not what pleases you, Mister Potter. Ravenclaws choose to learn, simply to learn.' The sorting hat explained. 'But what is your dreams, but not ambition, Mister Potter.' The hat asked, Harry shook his head again, 'Right, Slytherin's characteristics strong in you, but that does not mean Slytherin will make you strong, the house that is best for you has to beâ€|'

"Gryffindor!" Harry's eyes widened as the whole hall erupted into applause. Gryffindor? The house of the Brave? Did that really suit him?

"WE GOT POTTER TOO!" The twins yelled as he headed towards the table.

He trudged over towards his friends, Kenny patted him on the back and Neville gave him a reassuring smile.

At least he'll have his friends, he thought with a smile. Now they only had to wait for Ron to join them.

"Weasley, Ronald" his other best friend sat down on the stool, confidently looking at his friends on at the Gryffindor table giving them a nod that he'd join them soon.

"Hufflepuff!"

Wait, what?

**Phew 10k Words. There's a lot of explanation in this and I hope it wasn't too much. I wanted to make sure that I get the ideas of change across since there will obviously be a lot. Hope you enjoyed reading.
**

THIS WAS THE LONGEST I'VE EVER WRITTEN FOR A STORY. I KNOW ITS ALL OVER THE PLACE AND I'M SORRY, BUT HOPEFULLY IT'S NOT TOO BAD LEAVE REVIEWS THANKS FOR READING. I DON'T HAVE A BETA READER AND SORRY FOR TAKING SO LONG TO UPDATE. I TRY TO WRITE WHEN I FEEL LIKE WRITING OTHERWISE WRITING FEELS LIKE A CHORE AND NOT SOMETHING I ENJOY DOING. LOVE YOU ALL.

PS IF ANYONE CAN HELP ME THINK OF A BETTER tITLE SEND HELP.

End
file.